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THE GOLDEN GATE

Personal Experiences

...of...

The San Francisco Earthquake

...of...

April, 1906.

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I Dedicate
This Narrative
to my
Mother and my Husband.

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BY
MELISSA STEWART MCKEE CARNAHAN

ILLUSTRATIONS

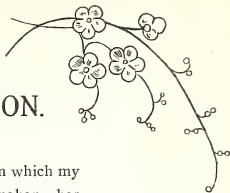
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INTRODUCTION.



In writing this narrative in which my husband, William E. Carnahan, has been my collaborator, my aim has been to give a true picture in outline. I have selected what I believe to be the most telling points of our experiences and have woven these together in a tale, the warp of which is composed of the thick cord of fact and the woof of the slight lines of personal impressions; exaggeration has been entirely avoided. I trust I have not offended by bringing the tragic and the social lines in too close proximity.

I close it with the prayer that the bonds of affection existing before and strengthened by the disaster will be life lasting.

Melissa Stewart McKee Carnahan.





The Day Before



Y husband, William E. Carnahan, and I have been in San Francisco ten days, arriving here April 7th, 1906.

This was the morning that cousin Louise B..... was to take us up Mount Tamalpais. After my rest of yesterday and a good sleep during the

night, and further considering the brightness of the morning, we felt it was safe for me to risk the trip. After breakfast taken in our room we got on our wraps and took the trolley car for the ferry, reaching there at 9:00 A. M., cousin Lou arriving in a short time. Then we three took the ferry boat for Sausalito. The ride over gave us a magnificent view of the Bay and its shore lines. We passed Altcazar Island on which is located one of the prison houses of our national government. There was just enough swell and salt odor to remind one of an ocean voyage. One of the pretty sights to be seen from these boats is the number of sea gulls which follow in the boat's wake.

On our arrival at the dock we took a train to the foot of the Mount. After less than a half hour's ride we transferred to another train to the rear of

which was attached a specially constructed high-power engine which pushed us up the mountain. The ride up was extremely interesting, passing deep ravines or canyons, skirting along the side of huge cliffs, ever and anon the Bay and Golden Gate bursting on our view.

This road, which is said to be the most crooked railroad in the world, has over one hundred curves, the most complex of which is known as the double bowknot. Its intricacies can be best understood when looking down on it from the hotel which is located hundreds of feet higher up on the mountain.

We arrived at the hotel about noon. Will, who had not been feeling well for some days, I fear did not enjoy it to the extent Lou and I did. After spending somewhat over an hour at the

hotel over a poor lunch, and taking in the panorama of scenery, we took the train back; the down trip affording us a better view of the Bay, the Golden Gate and the City of San Francisco, which latter we then little thought, in the short space of twenty-four hours, would be the graveyard of hundreds of now happy people and of the hopes of tens of thousands. After re-crossing the Bay we landed at the ferry, foot of Market Street, at 3:00 P. M., where we took the trolley, leaving the car at our hotel, Lou continuing her way to her home. Our cousins were to come down and take dinner with us this evening. Going up to our room I laid down to take a nap. Will went down town to attend to some business.

At 7:00 P. M., the telephone in our room rang announcing the arrival of our cousins. Will went down and

brought up Lou, Evadne and Howard B. John B., having a business engagement, could not come. Shortly after we went down to the gold and white dining-room of the hotel where a special table had been reserved for us—the two girls in their handsome gowns and Howard in his evening suit, Will and I in our plain clothes only setting off theirs to better effect. After about an hour and a half spent in the dining-room we then went out to the exchange where we mingled with the crowds. Shortly after we all went up to our room, Will and I spending one of the most enjoyable evenings we have had for a long time. The girls and their brother left about 11:00 P. M., Will accompanying them to the car.

Is it a wise provision of Providence that we are not permitted to lift the veil of the future?



Tragic Dawn

Wednesday, April 18th, 1906.

At 5:14 A. M. I was awakened by a terrific tremblor or earthquake. From previous experiences had here in 1886, I instantly realized what it was. My sensations this time were of being on a ship in a gale pounding against the rocks, being thrown this way and that, then up in the air, and dropped with a sickening thud that took away my breath. It lasted twenty-eight seconds. Had it lasted ten seconds longer, I fear every building in San Francisco would have gone down.



ST. FRANCIS HOTEL.

Our hotel, the St. Francis, being of steel construction, was, as we afterwards learned, very little damaged. What damage was done was principally in the first and second stories by the falling of interior cornices and the jamming of the elevators so they could not be used.

I awakened Will, who was sleeping soundly, he not having slept much in the fore part of the night. His first impression was that we were again on the California Limited and that the

train was coming to a sudden halt or stop with grinding noises, twistings and jarrings, ending in a vicious bump. Both our minds worked so rapidly that we seemed to be living hours instead of seconds. Fully awake, Will got up and went to the window, threw up the sash, and saw a number of guests on the opposite side of the court looking out of their windows. Looking down to the end of the court at a point where the main staircase from the top of the building to office is located, he saw a crowd of men, women and children rushing down, apparently not standing on the order of their going. Closing the window he came back and said he thought I had better get up and dress, but there was no occasion for hurry. We leisurely dressed, put some linen and toilet articles into our satchels, put on our hats and wraps, and quietly

walked down the six flights of stairs to the office, carrying our satchels and umbrella; also my new seal coat.

On reaching the office we found everything in dire confusion, dressed and half dressed men, women and children standing helplessly around, shivering and in various stages of fright. Will got me a comfortable chair in the library adjoining the exchange, where I could look out on the street and park fronting the hotel, which were even at that hour crowded with more or less frantic people who were in ludicrous stages of attire. Will then went to the office and suggested that they make a quantity of hot coffee to serve to the people in the hotel. This was done in about an hour, and then served with some left-over rolls to the chilly and excited crowd. Two ladies, mother and daughter, from Cincinnati,

went with us to the same table in the dining-room where we got our share. The room was chilly owing to one of the large windows being shattered by the shock.

Just as we were about finishing our scant meal, Cousins John and Howard B. came in to the room to see if we were still alive. Being assured of that fact by ocular evidence and a further statement on our part that we were unhurt, they left. Shortly afterward we went back to the library and occupied our old seats by the window. Will then went out to take a look at the exterior of the building. Coming back he reported that he saw no damage beyond the shattered window, and some slight cracks in the stone-work at the corner of the building. This made us all feel more comfortable.

The crowd on the outside had some-

what diminished, but ominous columns of black smoke toward the distant water front, showed that fire had broken out. Hearing a rumbling noise and looking closer, we saw a number of what we supposed were ammunition wagons rushing past the hotel, each wagon under guard of six soldiers. Shortly after this there came another shock of earthquake, which only lasted a few seconds, but startled afresh the excited crowd. Huge columns of smoke at three distinct points now showed that a worse fate was imminent.

By this time we were all getting thirsty, but not a drop of water to be had. The atmospheric conditions only intensified the thirst. We finally secured a bottle of apollinaris water at the bar, of which we four partook. Feeling refreshed we took a closer ob-

servation of street and park, more particularly observing the wreckage occasioned by the earthquake, which showed various forms of destruction, from toppled over chimneys and broken cornices to the entire fronts of buildings fallen into the street. Our drive later in the morning evidenced that this condition was more or less general throughout the city. The greater damage to buildings was chiefly in that section of the city which was known to be "made ground".

This bombardment of nature caused greater destruction in the number of seconds it lasted than the most modern mortal engines of war could accomplish in the same number of weeks. From whence did this tremendous force originate?

The increase in the conflagration and more shocks of earthquake, which lat-

ter Will stated—in order to pacify the ladies—were caused by the blowing up of buildings by dynamite, (which fact, however, did not occur until afternoon), intensified the excitement.

Not liking the looks of things, but fearing more than anything else the effect on myself of so many excited people, Will slipped out and secured a cab for five dollars. He bundled me, our two satchels, umbrella, my new seal jacket, the half a bottle of apollinaris water and himself into the cab and drove out about three miles to Pacific avenue, Cousins Lou and Evadne's home. Knowing they had little room, and not being acquainted with the conditions of that neighborhood, he thought it best not to take any of the other ladies with us, intending to go back to the hotel to look after them, also to secure more of our bag-

gage. After half an hour's ride through streets covered with more or less debris from the earthquake, we arrived at our destination.

The two girls were glad to see us unharmed, and made us welcome, their own house having suffered some slight damage from the morning shock. We hastily recounted our experiences of the morning, and the girls showed us

the damage done to their home. Among other things Evadne told us about her dog, a fine Scotch Collie, named Bob, whose kennel had been crushed in by falling brick, and who had become so frightened



BOB.

that he jumped the high inclosure and ran off, and was possibly still running.

Will then proposed to start back to

the hotel, but I would not let him go, fearing he would attempt to go up to our room to secure more baggage and might be caught there or in the halls and killed by falling walls or fire. The girls insisted on my lying down till lunch. Will went out to the plateau back of the house to watch the now rapidly spreading fire. He came back in time for lunch and reported things were looking worse and worse. While sitting at the table, explosion after explosion occurred, which showed that the dynamiters were now really at work.

During the afternoon Will and I went up to the plateau only to see rapidly spreading devastation in the form of a vast semi-circle of flame spreading back from the water front. After nightfall we again went up to the plateau, the two girls accompany-

ing us, when we witnessed a veritable hell with the lid off, against which the burning of Rome by Nero and other large conflagrations recorded in the world's history, so far as destruction of buildings and the values of properties were concerned, would seem but a piece of stage setting. After going back to the house, Cousin John B..... came home completely fagged out, having been in the city most of the day looking after their property interests.

Food was scarce, nothing substantial or desirable to be purchased, the people during the day having literally grabbed up everything they could, cleaning out the groceries of all substantial. What was even worse, not a drop of water was to be had. Fortunately Cousin Evadne's Chinaman, Jim Lee (I call him Evadne's, as she

was running the house that week), had gotten a little supply of water during the day, but only sufficient for cooking and drinking, but we helped out the latter with some seltzer water they had on hand. In fact, we did not have a chance to wash our hands and faces in thirty-six hours. It was this shortage of water that made the rapid spread of the conflagration so easy. The shortage was caused by the breakage of the water mains during the first shock of the earthquake. That night the two girls kindly turned over their own bed-room to Will and me, they themselves occupying a small room in the rear of the house. No sleep for any of us. Cousin Howard B..... came in



CORNER OF THE BED ROOM.

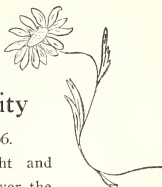
about 11:00 P. M., but had nothing encouraging to report. The dynamiting continued more or less during the night.



Escape from the City

Thursday, April 19th, 1906.

The morning opened bright and clear, excepting that directly over the city was hanging like a pall black clouds of smoke. Will was out on the street at 5:00 A. M. He saw men, women and children on the front porches of the houses in the neighborhood, who, after walking that distance from the fire zone had from sheer exhaustion dropped in their tracks; some spending the entire night, others the early morning hours there; many lying down, their baggage serving as pillows; others sitting, bracing themselves against the columns of the porches or the walls of the buildings.



During the night there had been a continual procession walking past, and they were still moving along this morning. The whole scene had an uncanny and ghost-like appearance, as with few exceptions the people trudged along in silence, features stony and eyes glazed. These people seemed to be mostly tourists, who had been driven from their hotels and lodging-houses by the earthquake or fire. Later in the morning nearly all disappeared, likely finding accommodations in the houses or in tents at the Presidio.

The guards from the Presidio were patrolling the neighborhood to prevent the lighting of any fires in the houses, there having been a military order issued against it on account of the dangerous condition of the chimneys, such condition being caused by the earthquake. In fact the entire military force

of the government stationed at the Presidio, numbering some 1,300 men, mostly light and heavy artillerists and two troops of cavalry, were at the scene of the fire and patrolling the city. This branch or department was under command of Gen. Funston of Philippine fame.

It was reported that one woman, after being three times notified to desist lighting a fire, and not obeying orders, was shot down. Another rumor was that a man attempting to rob two young women was sent in short order to the reckoning of his account by a bullet from the guard. In another case a nice-looking, well-dressed man, who had been overcome by the heat, was taken to an emergency hospital to be revived. While opening his coat and vest three ladies' fingers with rings on fell out. He was then

,

completely revived, taken out by the guard and shot.

These are only a few of the numerous cases of military discipline summarily exercised.

The fire department had to get its water by breaking holes in the street to the sewers, and pumping from them and through long lines of hose from the Bay. But all this was only a drop in the bucket.

Our breakfast was taken in sections, I am afraid without much relish by any one. Later Will and John B. started down town, but only got part way, stopping at Lafayette Square, a small park on the high point overlooking the city where the fires were raging. The only hopeful sign was that it had apparently been checked in what is known as the Mission District. Coming back John

B..... stated that he feared their house would go. Will said he thought from its position, on account of the several intervening places or plaza, and its distance from the fire, its destruction was a remote possibility. After a council of war on the part of our cousins it was deemed best for the non-combatants (the two girls), the refugees, Will and myself, to get away to a point of safety. Just before noon this flight was greatly facilitated by a Mr. Stewart M....., of Alameda, a friend of Cousin John's, coming to the house and extending the hospitality of his mother's home, at Alameda, to the ladies of the party. After a short consultation this offer was gratefully accepted. John and Mr. M..... succeeded after several attempts in hiring a passing wagon and team at a cost of fifteen dollars to take us to the

ferry, at which point we had to cross the Bay to Alameda. The two boys, Cousins John and Howard, remained at home on half rations to guard the house and contents. Some of the most valuable of the contents they were to bury in the ground. Evadne did not forget poor little Dick, a sky terrier, almost deaf and blind, who had been in the family some twelve years. Fearing for him starvation and the agonies of a death by fire, she instructed John to shoot him, if he deemed it necessary.

In a comparatively short time all members of the expedition were ready to get aboard the wagon. To make things more comfortable, three wooden boxes with three pillows were put into the wagon for Cousin Lou, Mr. M..... and Will to sit on, there being only the driver's high seat, which was occupied by him, Cousin Evadne

and myself. Our own rescued luggage and the two satchels of the girls were thrown under the seat, added to which was a pillow case containing crackers and canned goods. This commissary department, which unfortunately contained nothing liquid, was under the direct care of Commander Stewart M..... of the expedition, who never took his eyes off the same unless they were on Cousin Will was rear guard on the wagon, occupying the most comfortable seat, having no one to hold in but himself.

The first mile or so of our ride was accompanied by the detonation of explosives, which sounded like thirteen-inch guns. We met only occasional stragglers carrying or sitting by their goods and chattels. These were mostly Chinese wending their way toward the country. Now and then rapidly pass-

ing automobiles shot by, some possibly carrying military instructions to and from the Presidio.

It was only when we struck Van Ness avenue, the broad crosstown thoroughfare, at which point they expected to and finally did succeed in largely checking the conflagration, that we began to see real misery, wretchedness and horror, of which more was to



HELPLESS, HAPLESS AND HOMELESS.

come. The broad avenue was crowded with helpless, hapless, homeless thousands walking, standing or lying on the

ground. Many over-burdened or under-burdened with what was now their earthly all; others rushing aimlessly about, some dazed, others wild-eyed, seemingly only intent on putting distance behind them. Hundreds of families encamped on the slopes and open grounds, a few under hastily improvised tents made of sheets, comforts and blankets. The great mass, apparently mostly women, children and infants in arms, were shelterless, whose happy homes of a few short hours ago were now but memories. The whole presented such a picture of wretched woe and misery as no English word painter of our time can properly color.

We wended our way down Van Ness avenue toward the water front over broad cracks and sunken places in the street caused by the earthquake, at each of the most dangerous of which

one or more troopers stood guard. A regiment of regulars at double quick passed us, probably to relieve the worn-out guards stationed at the fire zone.

Leaving Van Ness avenue we turned down a street parallel with the water front continuing our way to the ferry. The scenes here were a repetition of what we had seen on Van Ness avenue, only a little less frantic. We shortly reached the water front, at which the property loss became more



BLACKENED RUINS OF HUNDREDS OF WAREHOUSES.

clearly defined by the sight of the blackened ruins of hundreds of warehouses, caused by the fire. There were crushed-in piers and ferry slips, holes and yawning gaps and twisted rails in the streets caused by the earthquake. In about thirty minutes after leaving our wagon and crossing the Bay on the ferry-boat we landed at Alameda Mole. Twenty minutes more by train landed us at Willow Station in the peaceful town of Alameda. 'Ten minutes' walk from the Station brought us to the M..... residence.

After introduction by Mr. Stewart M..... to his mother, a kindly lady who welcomed us with genuine California hospitality, we were ushered into the house and introduced to the other members of the family. Will, who has never gotten over his liking for young ladies, immediately took the

granddaughter, a little four-year-old, on his knee, and made love to her. After a few minutes' stay he left to catch the train for Oakland, where he was going to see about our drawing-room and a place to lay his own head, saying he would come back and see us during the evening. Mrs. M. then took the two girls and myself up stairs, gave us her son Stewart's room, told us to lie down and take a much needed rest, which we gladly did. When we awoke I shall never forget the delight with which we saw towels and soap in abundance, and lots of running water which, after our dry washes of the last thirty-six hours, we found a boon to our tired bodies and souls. After our rest, Mrs. M. called us to a bountiful supper of which a pot roast (a dish much relished by her son Stewart) was not the least appetiz-

ing. Of course, it would not be hard to guess who wanted to sit beside Mr. Stewart M..... I am glad to say the general appetites were good. Mrs. M..... stated she would give us this one good meal, but thereafter we would have to live on what could be secured, as food was very scarce.

While we were all helping to clear off the table, wash and dry dishes and re-set the table, Mr. Stewart M..... came into the kitchen telling us that Mr. Carnahan was out front with a carriage and fine team of horses to take me to Oakland to a friend's house. He further said that some one must have dropped a good-sized gold piece into Mr. Carnahan's hands, as it was the finest team of horses he had ever seen. Mother and son did not want me to leave them, as after Will had left in the afternoon Mrs. M..... said we

could have her bed-room and she and her son would sleep on the parlor floor, which suggestion, of course, I declined to permit. I guessed who it was Will had with him. When I went out I found it was Cousin Shepard B....., who caught me up in his arms, saying he had come to take me, Lou and Evadne to his house in Oakland. I got ready at once, but the two girls thought it hardly the correct thing to do to leave their friends, the M.....'s, who had so kindly offered them shelter.

After thanking our kind hostess and host and bidding the two girls an affectionate good-bye, we got into the carriage, I sitting in the front seat with Shepard, Will in the back seat alone, wishing he had Lou and Evadne beside him to hold him in. We started off at a clipping pace and in thirty minutes arrived under the friendly roof whose

hospitality we had some ten days before enjoyed. Will and the family sat down to supper and shortly afterward we all retired to a much needed rest.

Shep's family consisted of himself, his wife (Cousin Gracibel), Russell, nicknamed Brownie, a bright boy six years of age, who was perpetual motion personified, and Shep, Jr., a little two months' old, who bids fair to develop all the ginger of his B..... ancestors. I suppose Duke, a fine Eng-

lish coach dog, Brownie's special property and playmate, also considered himself a member of the family. A Mr. and Mrs. Crozier (Mr. Crozier's place of business had been burned out in San



BROWNIE AND DUKE.

Francisco), who were old friends of the family, also became sharers of Shep's and Gracibel's bounty. A Mr. T....., a business partner of Shep's, also made his home there.



In the Hands of Friends

Oakland, Friday, April 20th, 1906.

After a few little earthquakes during the night, which did no damage and are no more regarded by the natives than a thunder-storm by us, our entire



SIMP'S HOUSE.

party gathered around the breakfast table, most of us feeling, if not looking, ten years younger than we did the day before. After breakfast Cousin Shep showed us the damage done to his house, which was considerable, also stating that from information received he had lost everything but the ground in San Francisco, and sustained considerable loss by the earthquake to property he owned at Santa Cruz. I am also afraid that our San Francisco cousins have sustained a large loss in the shrinkage of ground values, but this, I hope, will only be temporary. Do not know whether they have sustained any permanent loss through fire or otherwise. Later in the morning Shep and Will went down town to learn the news and see the damage done in the Oakland business section which was considerable, also to see

about cancelling our drawing-room home by the Southern Pacific and Southern route for this evening, owing to the bad condition of the tracks and the enormous crowds that were leaving. The remainder of the day was spent in various ways.

On account of our trunk being lost in the fire that destroyed the St. Fran-



THE RUINS OF THE ST. FRANCIS

cis Hotel, Will had to buy some much needed articles for each of us and at the same time secure what we needed even more, (cash), by tendering

American express checks in denominations of twenty dollars each in payment. The banks here and in San Francisco and in surrounding towns are all closed by the Governor of the State declaring legal holidays in order to give the bank vaults in the burnt district and the people in general time to cool off and thereby avoid a money panic. This makes conditions almost harder for the people with bankable funds to get away or supply their wants



FIRE STILL RAGING.

than for those who have nothing, and who are given free transportation and food.

The fire in San Francisco is still raging, and the wildest crop of rumors being manufactured, the worst of which was that an epidemic of small-pox and typhoid fever had broken out and that the City of San Francisco was to be quarantined. The two girls at Alameda telephoned they were going back home the next morning. Will advised them over the telephone not to think of it, fearing there might be some truth in the rumors before mentioned. During the day Will sent the following telegram to sister Carrie, at Pittsburgh:

"C's..... and B's..... safe and well. Notify all parties interested."



More Friends

Saturday, April 21st, 1906.

This morning after breakfast Will went over to Alameda to try and further persuade the girls not to attempt to enter San Francisco. I would have gone along, but the morning was raw and chilly. When he returned he called up the residence of Mr. Miles S..... in Oakland. We had not yet presented our letter of introduction from Mr. George O. M..... to this family Mrs. S..... is a cousin of Mr. George O. M..... A Mr. P....., a friend of theirs and Mr. George O. M....., to whom Will had presented a letter of introduction at his office in San Francisco, before

the earthquake, answered the telephone and was very glad to learn that we were safe. He stated he and Mr. S. had gone to the St. Francis Hotel Wednesday at noon to bring us over to the S. home at Piedmont Heights in Oakland. He further stated that as he was prominently connected with the Southern Pacific Passenger Department he could arrange an exchange of our railroad tickets home over the U. P. and C. & N. W. via Chicago, thereby saving us the long southern route. In the afternoon Mr. and Mrs. S. called on us at Shep's house and insisted on us going to their home for the remainder of our stay, to which proposition Cousin Gracibel would not listen for a minute. They then invited us for Sunday noon dinner and to spend the afternoon. Cousin Evadne also came over from Alameda in the afternoon

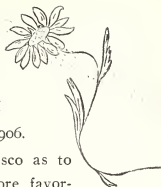
and got such a welcome as would be accorded a patron saint. She stated that their house had been saved and not damaged beyond that done by the earthquake. After going back to Alameda the girls telephoned us that they were going back to their home the next morning.



Dining Out

Sunday, April 22nd, 1906.

Reports from San Francisco as to general conditions were more favorable this morning. Will having left his razor in the St. Francis Hotel, went down town to get shaved. While he was away Mr. S..... called and waited until his return, when they both went over to Oakland Mole to secure our drawing-room on the Overland Limited for Wednesday morning, April 25th. When Will came back, we brushed up and took the Piedmont car to Oakland avenue to the S..... home to keep our appointment for dinner. The house is beautifully located well up in the Heights commanding



one of the finest views of the Bay and the Golden Gate I have yet seen. It is a handsome building, with beautiful garden, tennis court and stable in rear of lot, and was largely designed by Mrs. S. In its fittings and furnishings it bears the stamp of good taste and refinement, while through all was interwoven the charming hospitality of its owners. Just before we sat down to dinner their only child, Allen S., came in. He is a fine looking boy fifteen years of age, resembling his father. After dinner they took us on a tour of inspection through the house and grounds, during which we were introduced to the ebony-hued member of the household, their dog named Bob. We left late in the afternoon, Mr. S. himself driving us to the car.

Refugees and Relief Camps

Monday, April 23rd, 1906.

• During the night we felt a perceptible tremblor. Having gotten accustomed to them we mind them no more than the natives. • During the early morning hours there came a heavy



REFUGEES.

downpour of rain, which immeasurably added to the woe and misery of the homeless thousands encamped on the hillsides and in the parks in San Francisco, Oakland and surrounding towns. Will spent most of the day in Oakland inspecting the various relief camps, churches and other buildings in which relief work was also going on. I did not have the heart to go along. The Elks, a fraternal order of which Shep is a member, have here on the Lake front what is probably the best organized and systematized (particularly from a sanitary point of view) tented city of refuge, taking care of over a thousand people. This is one of the many places where refugees are cared for. Each of these camps being guarded and patrolled by the military, no person without proper authority is able to pass the sentries. The churches and

other organizations here are also doing herculeanean relief work. Mrs. S..... being a member of the Presbyterian Church spends her entire mornings in relief work.

It is reported that there have been over one hundred maternity cases in the streets and parks here and in San Francisco. The extortions said to be practiced by merchants in San Francisco in the early days of the conflagration, such as charging five cents for a soda cracker and a dollar for a loaf of bread, and which was afterwards stopped by the military through confiscation of the establishments that practiced such extortion, have not been and are not practiced here in Oakland. The authorities here, through the press and posted notices, issued warning to all merchants threatening confiscation where extortionate prices were charged

for the necessities of life, and further putting a limit on the amount that any one person could purchase at one time. The most apparent shortage seems to be in hams, coffee, sugar and potatoes. There are sentries at each of the prominent business corners here in Oakland who keep the crowds moving and maintain order. The debris from the wrecked buildings is being rapidly cleared away. Many of the best buildings suffered more or less damage from the earthquake.

The news from San Francisco is encouraging. I understand that military discipline is strict, the guards impressing all idlers or men without passes into the work gangs to help clean up the town. In the afternoon Gracibel, Will and I took a ride out to Piedmont Park. Walking down the main avenue there we passed a number of beautiful homes, the bracing air doing us all good.

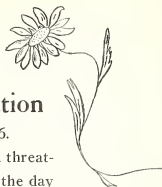
A Birthday Celebration

Tuesday, April 24th, 1906.

This morning was cloudy and threatening rain. Will spent most of the day in Oakland in the business section. I helped around the house, sorting over the remnants of our baggage, and did some marketing with Mrs. C.

We laid in some extras on account of it being Cousin Shep's birthday. In the afternoon Mr. P. sent over our railroad tickets to the house. The following telegram, dated Pittsburgh Pa., 9:15 A. M., came this afternoon, signed by sister Carrie:

"Very anxious; are you unhurt and well?" This showed that our telegram to her had not been received.



We were to have gone up to the S..... home for evening dinner. Being somewhat tired from my marketing, and the weather being raw and damp, I laid down for a nap. In the meantime Will slipped away and called on Mr. and Mrs. S..... to thank them for their kindness and hospitality. When he came back he brought me a beautiful rose from their own garden which Mrs. S..... had sent me, together with a number of picture postal cards of various points of interest we had seen, she having learned that the thousand or more I had collected during our trip had been destroyed in the St. Francis Hotel.

In the evening a jolly crowd, jolly despite the clouds of the past week through which we had all passed, gathered around the table to celebrate Shep's birthday. A Mr. G....., a

gentleman who had charge of the most of the dynamiting of the buildings at San Francisco during the fire, and a particular friend of Shep's, joined us at supper and entertained us with an interesting account of his experiences during the conflagration, citing many instances of hair-breadth escapes. A Mrs. McP....., who had lost her all by the fire, also sat at the table, remaining in the house over night and sleeping on a hospital cot in the parlor. She is a connection of Cousin Gracibel's and a jolly soul on whom adversity seemingly fails to make any imprint. During the evening Mr. Stewart M....., of Alameda, called up on the telephone to tell us that Lou and Evadne had arrived home safely and were happy over a pot roast they were going to have for supper. It was late when we all retired.



Farewell

Wednesday, April 25th, 1906.

At 5:00 A. M., the earthquake again let us know that it was doing business at the old stand. We got up early, washed and dressed with extra care. At 10:45 A. M., Cousin Shepard drove up to the door with his fine span of blacks. We three and Cousin Gracibel and our rescued baggage were soon carefully placed in the carriage. Gracibel had added a Commissary Department in the shape of a large lunch box, personally prepared and put up by herself. She being a keen observer

had put in a good many cakes, chocolates and candies, having during our stay discovered Will's fondness for such sweets. The same clipping pace that brought us here a week ago now took us to the Sixteenth Street Station in Oakland for the 11:30 A. M., Overland Limited. The morning was a glorious one, that made us almost forget the ruin and desolation through which we had so recently passed. Arriving at the station we bade Cousin Gracibel an affectionate good-bye, she remaining with the team, while Shep helped us on the train and into our drawing-room. One more farewell and before another rising sun California's fond relatives and friends, sunshine and earthquake, flowers and fires, fruits and famine for a time, at least to us, will be but memories.

Shall we add that "There is a

divinity that shapes our ends rough,
hew them as we may," or that "There
is a divinity that shapes our ends, rough
hew them as we may."







